

Judge

FEBRUARY 13, 1926 ★

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THIS WEEK THE SOCIETY WILL CONSIDER
THE SIGNATURE OF

With this erratic, childish scrawl the persevering student of chirography may let his fancy roam. This is the mark of the egoist, the soldier of fortune, the dictator, the emperor. The final bold up stroke denotes an "amour propre" that justifies the use of the initials only but could not prevent the final "Waterloo."

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JUDGE

A KANGAROO brought to the Cincinnati zoo from Tasmania is said to be able to make leaps of forty feet. Thousands of envious pedestrians are flocking there to see it.

A LOS ANGELES girl who was thought to have ceased breathing was found to be still alive by means of a mirror held before her face. She probably opened one eye and then reached for her powder puff.

A NEW YORK caterer has announced that the Charleston dance has killed all desire to eat in the Night Clubs. Another thing that kills all desire to eat in the Night Clubs is eating in one.

IT is claimed that radios will soon do away with the movies. What this country will then need is something to do away with the radios.

IT is claimed that there is a boy in Paris who sees everything upside down. We have lots of prospective grooms in this country, too.

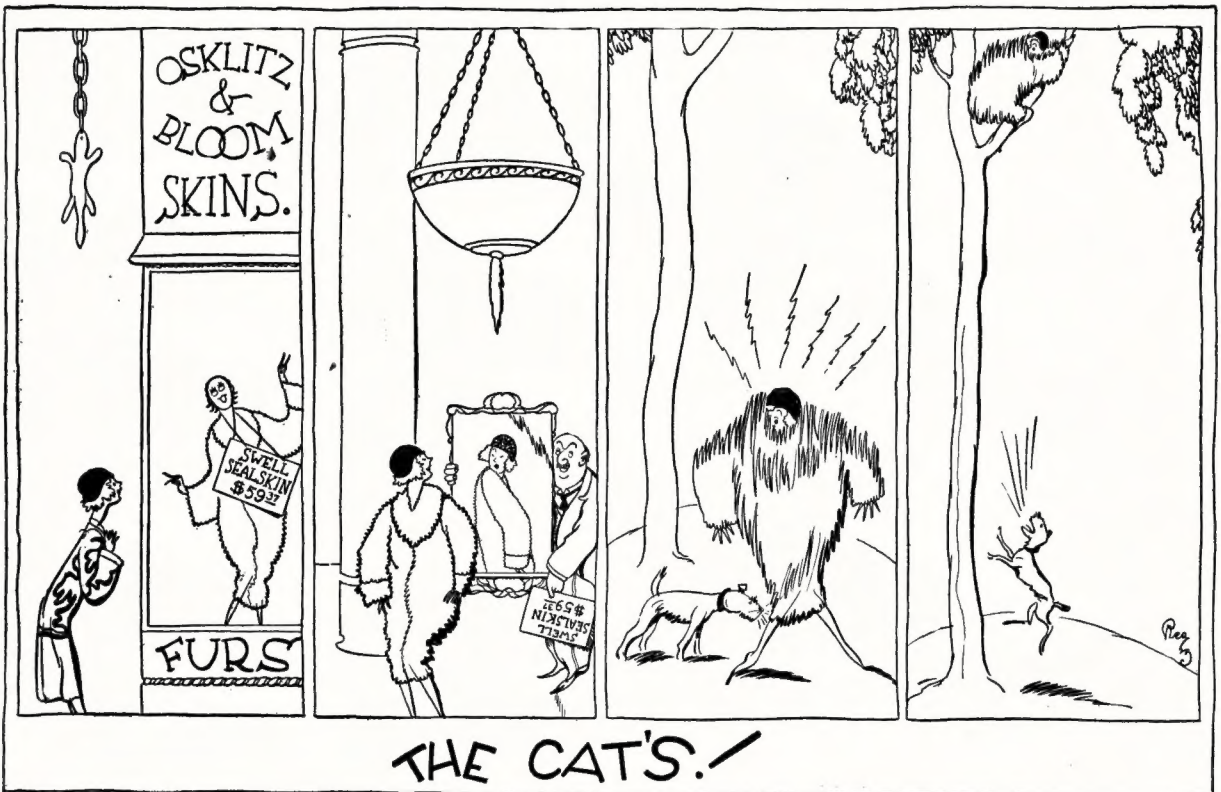
STATISTICS show that married men carry three and a half times as much insurance as do single men. This looks as if the unfortunate fellows realized their constant danger.

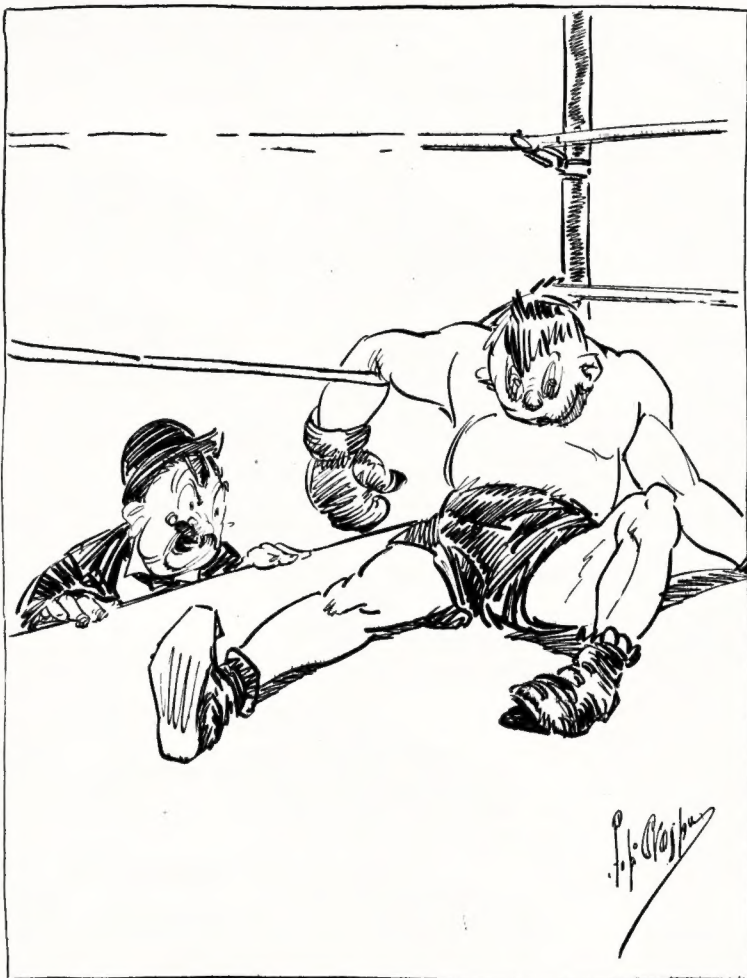
RADIO headphones have been installed in the death cells of the Iowa State Penitentiary. “Oh, death, where is thy sting?”

NEW YORK apartment houses are now constructed with plugs for radio receiving sets. There are no meters, however, to register the amount of gas.

A BOSTON window washer fell asleep and dropped three stories to the pavement. The first spectator on the scene claims to have heard the poor fellow mutter, “All right, dear, I’ll get right up.”

FOR the convenience of very busy business men, a Westchester golf course is to have a telephone installed at every second tee. For the sake of the younger caddies we hope these phones will be built in absolutely sound-proof booths.





"C'mon Rolo, the janitor wants to lock up."

Likely to Stop

Jack—Faint heart never won fair lady.

Jill—Yes it does, if it belongs to some rich old guy:

A Positive Bait

Of course there may be nothing in it, but many collegians are beginning to think that a sheepskin attracts the wolf to the door.

Down to Hard Pan

Now, it doesn't seem right,
But believe it we must:
Many half-baked young people
Have plenty of crust.



"Why not publicly polish up their teeth too?"

To a Young Neighbor—Sleeping

How can you lie so snugly there,
So pink and soft and quiet.
Who last night rent the midnight air
With massacre and riot?

You who broadcast a serenade
Continuous, emphatic,
That of the sternest stuff was made
And highly charged with static.

What do you dream, my tiny sir,
Night reveler, romancer:
What do you—but I see you stir—
I'll leave before you answer.

FUNNYBONES

Where there's a still there's a fray.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

Famous Partnerships

FINE & DANDY.
Lock, Stock & Barrel.
Yoho & Abottleorum.
High, Wide & Pretty.
Damp & Dreary.
Sackcloth & Ashes.
Yea & Nay.
Hit & Miss.
B. Twixt & B. Tween.
Kiss & Makeup.
Chills & Fever.
Cash & Carry.
Morning, Noon & Night.

Nate Collier

Winter Hints for Motorists

AN EXCELLENT way to keep your radiator from freezing is to take it to bed with you every night.

Putting on the chains at the first drop minimizes the danger of skidding on slippery streets, but an even safer system is to park the car after the first pint.

If the motor coughs and wheezes when started on cold mornings, put three drops of gargle and a couple of cough drops in the gas tank.

Cold weather is hard on batteries. Have yours tested and filled frequently. If buying coal keeps you broke, don't pay cash for your battery—have it charged.

Sometimes the starter will grind for five minutes without one cylinder showing a sign of life. This can be remedied by turning on the switch.

The difficulty in shifting gears on unusually cold mornings also can be overcome by unlocking the transmission.

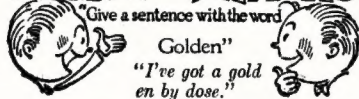
If you must forget these little details, at least remember that too much oil will give your motor halitosis and cause your best friends to walk across the street when you drive up to them.

Chet Johnson



"The rascals! They put something in this gin!"

KRAZY KRACKS



Golden"
"I've got a gold
en by dose."



The man who married the bathing girl who poses for the covers says she's a good wife but an awful judge of temperature!

His Secretary

How She Appeared to

<i>His Wife</i>	<i>His Office Boy</i>
Frivolous	Serious
Designing	Ingenuous
Painted	Radiant
Fresh	Unapproachable
Clothes crazy	Swell
Dangerous	Motherly
Grasping	Generous

As for him, he couldn't have told you, to save his life, what she looked like or how she acted. In fact, he even had to keep her name jotted down on the daily memo pad.

Stanley Jones

"I'll drive," remarked the wife, as she climbed into the back seat.



"DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT CECILIA?"



HUBBY—I need a new overcoat.
 “Let’s go in here.”
 “But I can’t afford to pay \$329 for it!”

Undisputed Statements

A ONE-ARMED doctor can’t feel his own pulse.

The human stomach holds more on land than at sea.

A tight cork saves many a drink

An opera singer would rather stay cold than hear a radiator hiss.

Fighting is harder on the eyes than either reading or crocheting.

A roll top desk is hard on the fingers.

Snow always seems deeper to short people.

The dumbest person in the world is the fellow who can’t figure out what time his watch stopped.

R. C. O’Brien



“Hello, Jim, doesn’t your marriage to Hazel come off soon?”

“No, it’s been postponed a couple of months.”

“What’s the trouble?”

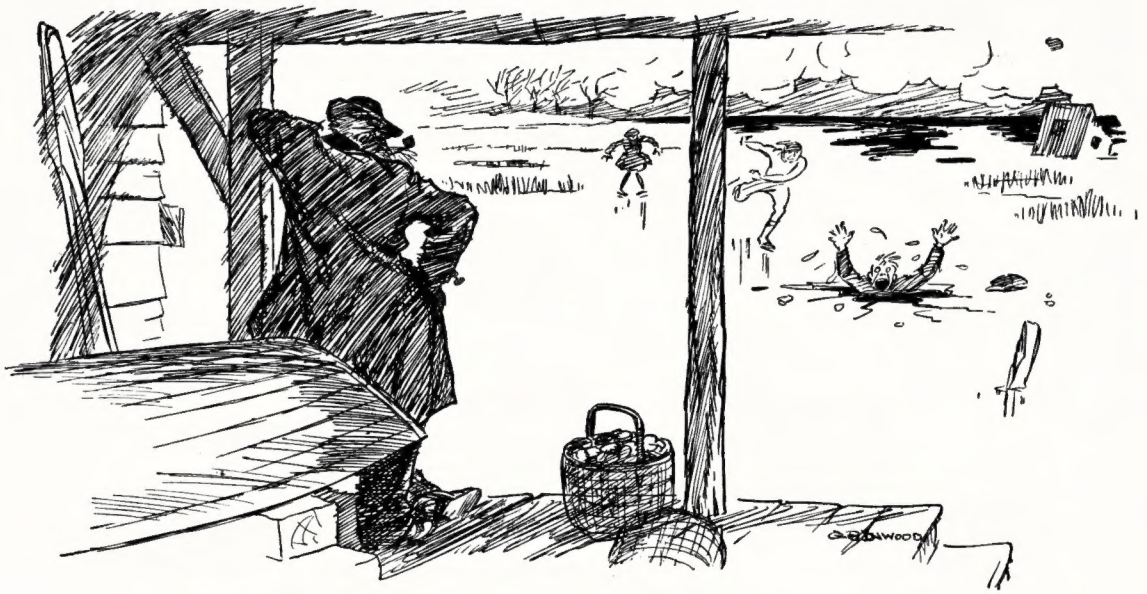
“She married another fellow.”

TACT!

“Your father agreed right away to our marriage.”

“Where did you ask him?”

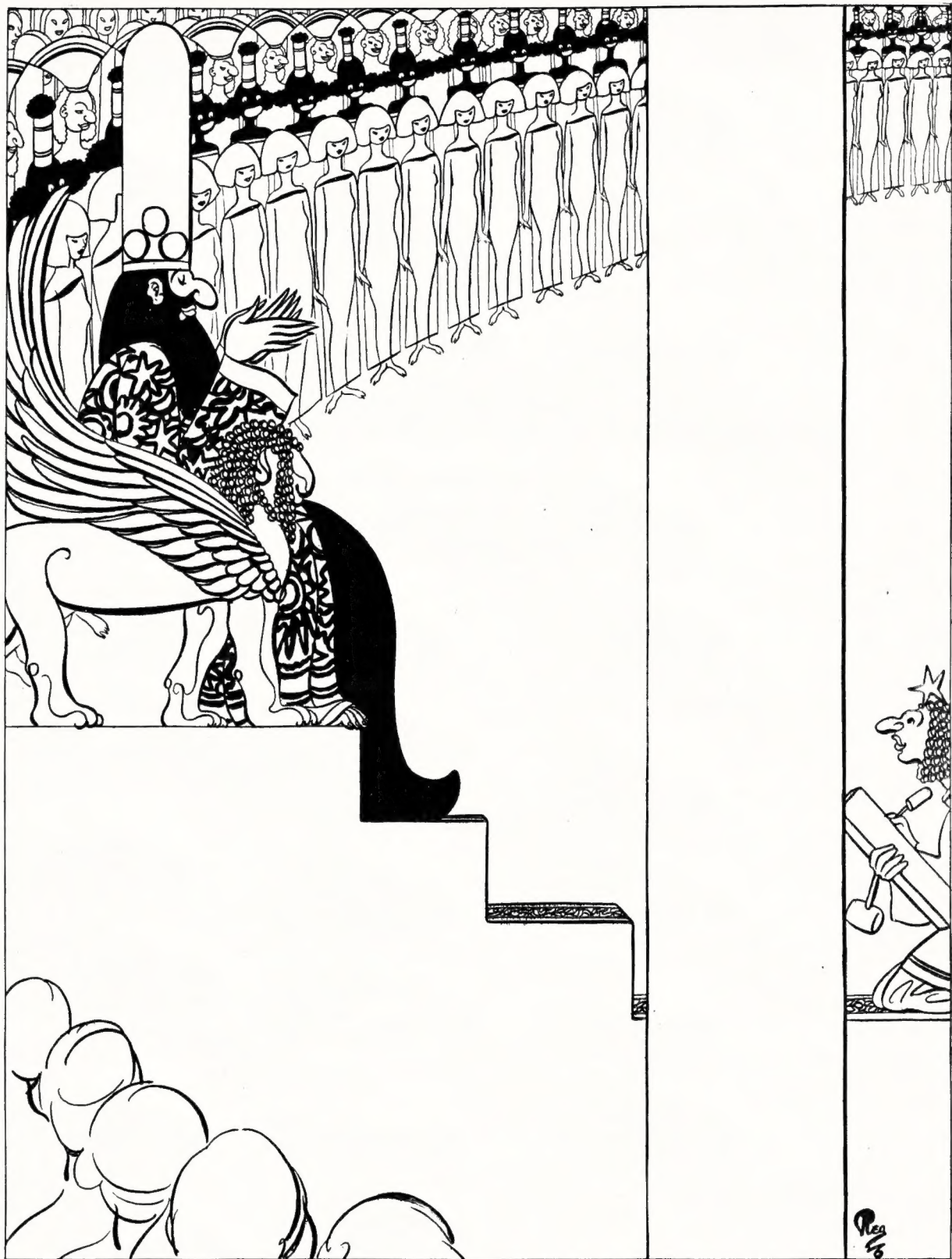
“When he was sitting back stage, with a friend at the Follies!”



DEAF PARTY—I'll be jiggered if this ain't a helva time fer him to be yawning.



Pathetic scene in the home of young parents whose kid hasn't said a thing worth bragging about for three weeks.



SOLOMON (to reporter for "The Biennial Star")--I owe it all, my boy, to the little women!



HIGH HAT

little critics will be sharpening their toothpicks in wait for another playwright bold enough to think out loud in the theater. . . . One fat little cream puff, in particular, irritates me beyond words. . . . A cat may look at a king but he shouldn't be allowed to scratch! . . . And if by some miracle the "Great God Brown" should be still running, go down and see it by all means.



The Six Best "Steppers:"

"Oh, How I've Waited for You"—
(*By the Way*).

"That Certain Feeling"—(*Tip-Toes*).

"Sweet and Low Down"—(*Tip-Toes*).

"It's a Great Little World"—(*Tip-Toes*).

"You Have Me"—(*Greenwich Follies*).

"Go South"—(*Greenwich Follies*).

Judge Jr

Well, the great Beaux Art's Ball, the big event of the year, has come and gone . . . this year it was in the Garden of Versailles (Hotel Astor) and all the men were in Louis "Canned" costume . . . if they acted in 1640 the way they did last week I can understand what brought on the Revolution! . . . I hereby suggest that next year the costumes be the fourth period of the Yale-Harvard football game!



Another great institution has passed with the dawn . . . who hasn't heard that famous quotation "comes a pause in the day's occupation known as the 'Child's' hour?" . . . first it was Reuben's, then Child's and now the "Automat" is the favorite place to have breakfast . . . which gives me an idea . . . why not an "Automat" Night Club? . . . it would do away with the cover charges, waiters and head waiters and imagine getting a bottle of ginger ale in a night club for a quarter! . . .



The six best step-ins: Montmartre, Mirador, Chantee, Ciro's, Lido and Fifth Avenue Club.



Probably by the time this little hymn of resentment is printed Eugene O'Neill's "Great God Brown" will have been crucified, the delicatessen dealers will still be flocking to "Abie's Irish Rose" and the smug

Famous Women

I Have Met

I've loved the fair Miss Ouri, I've hugged the dark Miss Deed; I've glanced at Mrs. Sippi, and once kissed Annie Seed. I've gazed at Anna Baptist, I've stared at Polly Gon; I've flirted oft with May Be, and dined with Carrie On.

Of Sue Icide I've pondered, I've sailed with Emmy Grant; I've longed for Polly Gamous, and wished for Ella Gant. To Meg O'Phone I've spoken, I've hunted Carrie Bou; I once met Miss Adventure, and quarreled with Miss Cue.

I've laughed at Lilly Putian, I've smiled at Florrie Da; Sweet Eve N. Song has charmed me, and so has Fan Tasma. Miss Calculate has fooled me, I've shimmied with Vi Brate; I've teased poor Molly Coddle, gone out with Emma Nate.

I've often scraped acquaintance with sweet-voiced Vi O'Lin; Both Mary Gold and Grace S. Hus I've tried my best to win. But I'm dogged by Miss Fortune, my luck seems to forsake me, For I can't find a lady who will (yet won't) Miss! Take me!

Geo. R. Davies



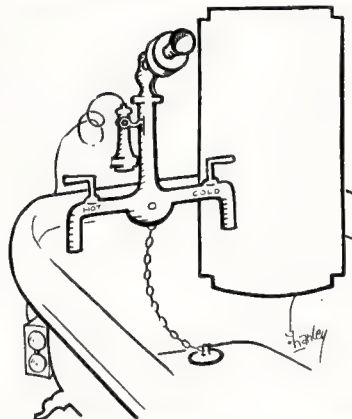
WIFE—George dear, are there any fashions in that paper?
GEORGE—Yes, but they're out of date—it's the morning paper!

A Feminine Séance

THE city lay a twisted mass of smoking ruins. Calamity, in the form of an earthquake, had visited the countryside during the previous night and in the cold gray light of dawn the little world lay stunned in the wreckage and confusion of catastrophe. Pavements were buckled like cardboard, trees and poles lay criss-cross in the streets, private homes stood like gaunt skeletons with walls fallen away and office buildings displayed huge cracks and crevices with copings and bricks lying piled in the streets below.

Already the work of emergency reconstruction was getting under way. Red Cross nurses hurried in and out of temporary hospitals, soldiers patrolled the streets and huge trucks were pulling down the tottering ruins of partially destroyed buildings. Groups of hastily imported laborers were slowly clearing a narrow path of transportation through the littered streets and linemen were busy with coils of rope and reels of shining copper wire. From the chaos of a natural catastrophe man was already beginning to restore a semblance of system and order.

In the less confused space of what was once an important street intersection in the business district a grizzled army officer in major's uniform was busily engaged in receiving brief reports from his subordinates and issuing crisp orders to his couriers. A rather timid appearing gentleman with hair dishevelled and a sheepish look of painful guilt edged



Numerous advance orders, from folks interrupted in their bathing, for this nickel plated combination bath fixture.

closer and finally addressed the military official.

"I'm really awfully sorry, sir, that this has happened," he managed to stammer. "You see my wife passed on a few weeks ago and she promised to communicate with me from the spirit world. Emmy was always kind of impatient like but I had no idea she'd act up like this."

Richard Wallace

JUDGE Nominates for the Hall of Fame



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BECAUSE his portrait is never mistaken for that of Rudolf Valentino; because he is not responsible for nine-tenths of the anecdotes attributed to him; because, by liberating the negro, he laid the groundwork for modern jazz; but most of all because he made it possible to obtain, for a ridiculous sum, one of the finest bas-relief portraits of the day, exquisitely wrought in copper, namely—the St. Gaudens cents!

Trepidation

I VIEW with alarm the beauty of Kate, I'm afraid I shall ask her to give me a date;

I quake in my boots—she is really divine.

Shall I quaver the question, and ask her to dine?

I mutter her number, she comes to the phone,

I ask her, and turn ashen pale at her tone.

"I'm afraid that I can't," she replies—it is queer,

But alas it is true—how contagious is fear!



OUR BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS

The housewife who did her own marketing.

It Was This Way

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman, going to the fair. Said Simple Simon to the pieman: "Hey, bo, wot kinda pie yuh got to-day?" Said the pieman to Simple Simon: "I got apple. Wot kind d'yuh want?" And then the fight started.

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water. Jack fell down and broke his crown and Jill said: "Uh-huh! Just what I've been expecting! If you'd look where you're going instead of watching those flappers you wouldn't be a prospect for an emergency hospital!"

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall. Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall. All the king's horses and all the king's men came running—they thought Wales had fallen again. He's a pretty good egg, at that.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul. A merry old soul was he. He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called for his fiddlers three, and said: "If y'start 'Yes, Sir, That's My Baby,' I'll brain you!"

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his Christmas pie. He stuck in his thumb, pulled out a plumb and said: "Aw, ma, why d'yuh always make these ol' plum pies? Why dontcha ever make lemon?"

Little Miss Muffett sat on a tuffet, eating currants and whey. A big black spider sat down beside her and frightened Miss Muffett so that she ran home and told the usual applesauce about three big men in an expensive limousine trying to kidnap her.

Chet Johnson



THE MARINE ARTIST PAINTS HIS "STORM AT SEA"



"My good man, kind'y lean against something else to shiver—we're trying to read."

Variations In Time

WHEN it's daytime in America, it's nighttime in China.

When folks are waking up in certain parts of the world, they're falling asleep in Philadelphia.

When the sun is shining in Pittsburgh, it's a holiday in Pennsylvania.

When it's breakfasttime in the country, it's suppertime at the night clubs.

When it's later in Brooklyn, it's earlier in Chicago.

When it's New Year's Day in Maine, it's the Fourth of July in Florida.

When it's ten o'clock by the town clock, it's a quarter past by ours.

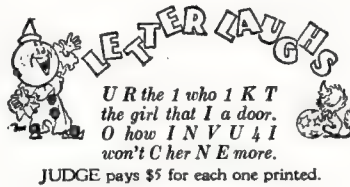
R. C. O'B.

More limousines seem attached to stars nowadays than wagons.

EPILAUGHS

Westley McIver, a hot-headed youth,
The safety first signs oft neglected
But strangely enough at a crossing
one day
He was found to be cool—and collected.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed



The "yokel" song.
If you like a Yokeleli lady.

Himmel!

I do not hymn your rosy cheeks,
Or eyes like stars, so bright and steady;
I do not hymn you, kid, because
You have too many hims already.

The nice things about being a surgeon, is that you can make short cuts to riches.





"YOU CERTAINLY CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME!"



Editor, Norman Anthony. Associate Editors, William Morris Houghton, William Edgar Fisher, Phil Rosa. Dramatic Editor, George Jean Nathan.

Honest Abe's Sentiments

PIOUS patriots who were shocked at what Rupert Hughes had to say about George Washington's drinking ought to get a similar kick out of the following passage attributed to Abraham Lincoln:

"Prohibition will work great injury to the cause of temperance. It is a species of intemperance within itself, if it goes beyond the bounds of reason, in that it attempts to control a man's appetite by legislation and makes a crime out of things that are not crimes. A Prohibition law strikes a blow at the very principles on which our Government was founded."

Curious, isn't it, that George Washington, the Father of His Country, by his actions, and Abe Lincoln, the Savior of His Country, by his words, should have expressed their distaste for Prohibition? Apparently, it is only 100 per cent. Americans who believe in it.

FORTUNATELY for Lincoln's memory there was no Parson Weems to deny his rich humanity and present him to posterity as a prig and a plaster saint. Or perhaps we ought to say that there were, and are, plenty of Weemses only too ready and anxious to perform this service for him, but somehow their plaster won't stick. Why, is a question that invites endless speculation. It stuck to Robert E. Lee, Lincoln's contemporary; he's encased in it even more securely than Washington. Maybe one must have been a Virginian gentleman and a soldier to get plastered in this sense.

In any case, Lincoln has escaped the Weemses and come down to us a human being, wherefore it is doubly meet to ask what he would say if he could see now the country for which he gave his life that it might be free. We know from the quotation above where he'd stand in the matter of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law. And in light of this, can anyone doubt what his sentiments would be toward Wayne B. Wheeler and the Anti-Saloon League, toward the Methodist lobby, toward the Ku Klux Klan and the Lord's Day Alliance and the Anti-Evolutionists, toward all the other bigoted champions of sumptuary legislation, which, as he says, "makes a crime of things that are not crimes" and "strikes a blow at the very principles on which our Government was founded"? Let us suppose that in all his homely dignity he might stand on some high place and survey the achievements of the unco guid in the land he loved. We think we know what he'd say in that dry way he had. He'd say, "Thank God I'm dead!"

A Back Number

THE W. C. T. U. is one of those organizations that have been helping to set the styles for us in patriotism. Very recently it dropped a sister from its membership for expressing an opinion of Prohibition considerably milder than Lincoln's. What Mrs. Irving, who is also a member of the New Jersey State Board of Education, said was this:

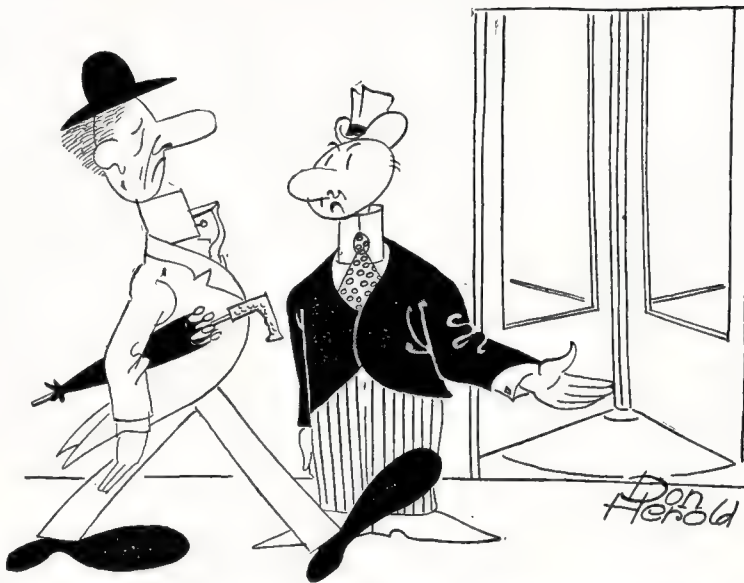
"Compulsory measures have not been demonstrated to be effective. You cannot legislate to make a people good and no law can be enforced which has not the vast majority of people back of it."

Treason!

QUITE in the same spirit the directors of the National Security League dropped Professor Otis for siding with the students of City College against compulsory military training. Apparently, to be a patriot, one can hold only one opinion of this form of regimentation as of Prohibition. We haven't at hand any expressions by Lincoln on the subject of compulsory military training but you are entitled to one guess as to which side he would have taken in the City College controversy. He could no more have qualified for membership on the board of the National Security League than for a beauty prize.

BUT perhaps the most exquisite hint of what constitutes true patriotism in this day and age has been furnished by the American Defense Society in its attack on Colonel Haskell. If there is one thing this country can pride itself on in its international dealings since the War it is the work of the A. R. A. in Russia during the famine years. The success of that effort to rescue a nation from starvation was largely due to the efficiency as an executive and organizer and to the tact as a diplomat of Colonel Haskell, whom Governor Al Smith has now chosen to command the New York National Guard. But it seems that, although entirely out of sympathy with the Bolshevik régime, Colonel Haskell has on occasion tried to correct some of the silly lies about conditions in Russia. For this the secretary of the American Defense Society has denounced him as a Russian sympathizer and protested (in vain, fortunately) against the confirmation of his appointment. Imagine what this secretary would have said of Lincoln for showing that he considered even Confederates human.

NO, if Lincoln were to come back to us to-day he could hardly qualify as a patriot. *W. M. H.*



"Pardon me, sir, but I am trying to get up a party of four to go through this revolving door."

A MIGHTY WICKED WASTE

by Don Herold

ONE of our biggest wastes in this country is the waste of revolving doors going around partially empty. It is no uncommon sight to see a big four-section revolving door going around with only one person in it. If I did not have a lot of more important things to do I would figure out exactly what this waste amounts to in the revolving door season, and I dare say the data would be astounding. At any rate, we will take it for granted that it would be astounding.

This is perhaps a problem that should be presented to the Interstate Commerce Commission, except that it is none of their business, ninety-eight per cent. of revolving door traffic being *intrastate* traffic. (So few of the doorways of our big buildings are on State lines.)

The solution of the problem lies almost entirely, then, with the individual. More laws will do no good. We already have so many laws that it is difficult to decide what kind of liquor to drink and who to rob next. What is needed now is an educational campaign, a stimulation of the individual conscience. Each of us must resolve to do his mite in 1926, 1927 and 1928, to keep revolv-

ing doors from going around empty. By that time maybe the normal increase in the population will fill up the empty segments of our whirling portals. If not, we must then turn our attention to increasing the population.

Resolve for one that you will never enter a revolving door until there are three other passengers ready to go through with you. And make up

your mind not to leave a revolving door until there is somebody waiting on the other side to take your place on the return trip. Empties on the return trip are just as wasteful as empties going.

I gave considerable time last summer to designing a revolving door with upper and lower berths, so that they would hold eight people instead of four. Stairways went up and down on each side. I even thought of putting merry-go-round horses for children in the upper berths. We tried this eight passenger door in a large office building, but we nipped off too many arms and legs and decided that the experiment was a little visionary. Perhaps the world will be ready for these double deck doors in a few years. One advantage of it will be that it may be possible to permit smoking on the top deck only.

Another waste that has worried me almost sick is the tremendous number of empty telephone booths in all our cities at any given moment. Of course many booths are full most of the time, but lots of them are empty hour after hour. The situation is quite a worry to me.

I wonder if it might not be possible to combine these two worries and get a positive. I mean, could we not have telephone booths abolished and have telephone instruments put in revolving doors—four to each door? This would at least keep the doors filled up. Of course the constant revolving might in time

(Continued on page 27)



"Luella, you'll love my collection of rare and costly perfumes!"

If Colleges Advertised

COME to Flunkville, the all-year vacation land. Largest football stadium in the north southeast. Excellent golf course. Dancing, petting and cutting classes are the major sports. No trouble to win your letter. Motoring, tennis, boating and studying may be enjoyed or indulged in, as the case may be. Very few professors to annoy you, just enough to lend an intellectual atmosphere. We don't rely on our students to do that.

Are You One of the Four?

Statistics, and even some reliable sources, tell us that four out of five have not had the advantages of a college education. This is your only chance to get out of that doomed quartet. Look at your danger line, *i.e.* the line you are stringing to your girls and see if it is adequate and efficient. If not, mail the coupon below.

Get your education in the 1,000-window university. Think of it, 1,000 windows to look out of while the prof is explaining a problem. No more craning of necks. Business men will be eager to secure your services when they hear that you have a 1,000-window education.

Quantity did it! Now we are able to give you our 1926 model at the lowest price for which it has ever sold. This model is guaranteed to last four years, but with the co-



"Why all the rush?"

"I gotta be on time to-day—we're calling a strike."

operation of the faculty may last much longer. We do not produce an annual model. Ours are never out of date and never out of dates. Plus sizes, full sized balloon trousers, gin absorbers and extra parking facilities are now included as standard equipment, with proficiency at the Charleston optional at no extra cost.

Our students are satisfied. They come back, in fact some of them have been coming back for six years and will keep on coming if we don't give them a degree. Fifty per cent.

of last year's graduating class have positions in their fathers' offices. You can do the same if you have a father and he has an office and doesn't care much about it.

What Great Men Say of This Institution:

"The receipts of the football games are to be greatly admired."—Jack Dempsey, in *Needlecraft*.

"You birds certainly turn out a nifty lot of Follies patrons."—Will Rogers, in *The Dial*.

"It appears to me that the fundamental principle of the psycho-physical process by which your course has been evolved is initiated by a sense-impression that is peculiar to your type."—Jackie Coogan, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

"I am well pleased with the economical way you are running your institution."—President Coolidge, in *True Story*.

"I like the materials your young men are wearing."—The Prince of Wales, in *Punch*.

"I enjoyed your annual chapel service."—Bishop Manning, in *Ring*.

Don't ask dad—he knows.

99 44/100 per cent. loafing.

What a whale of a difference just a few years will make.

Don't ask the man who has one.

It's the cuts in your course that count.

A. F. Dill



JUDGING the SHOWS

by George Jean Nathan

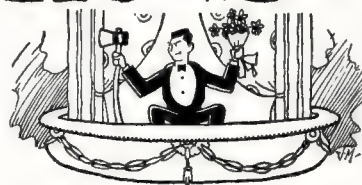


I

EVERY time the drama lover of New York is on the point of drinking a seidel of bichloride of mercury to put an end to his despair, Eugene O'Neill comes along and makes life worth living for him again. Thus, after the recent deluge of such rubbish as "Move On," "Stronger Than Love," "The House of Usher," "The Wise-Crackers" and "Fool's Bells," was hope born anew in the theatergoer's bosom with "The Great God Brown." Not only is this one of the most worth-while plays to O'Neill's credit, but it is, to boot, one of the most imaginative and moving dramas that the American stage has revealed.

The difference between O'Neill and nine-tenths of his American contemporaries is simply this: where the latter feel only with their hearts, the former feels also with his mind. The average American play's emotion is that of a flapper; the emotion that O'Neill distills is that of an adult, meditative and philosophical man. In order to move a cultured audience, the general run of our playwrights would have to supplement their plays with a team of horses, a strong cathartic and a bucket of dynamite. O'Neill, on the other hand, can move such an audience with a single word spoken by a real, living character. He gets beneath the surface of life; he reaches out and grabs humanity's heart; he is as far above the rank and file of our other writers for the stage as the Boston Symphony Orchestra is above a piano with a mandolin attachment.

"The Great God Brown," in brief, is the story of an idealist in conflict with the harshness of life and of his eventual triumph in defeat. The characters wear masks to indicate the faces which hypocrisy inevitably compels them to wear before the



"Move On" (Daly's)—Poor attempt at play about journalism.

"Hello, Lola" (Eltinge)—Dull music show version of Tarkington's "Seventeen."

"Down Stream" (48th St.)—Unsuccessful effort to write a O'Neill drama.

"A Night in Paris" (Century Roof)—Diverting revue.

"The Makropoulos Secret" (Hopkins)—Cheap to-do about a recipe for living 300 years.

"The Monkey Talks" (Harris)—Entertaining mixture of circus and vaudeville.

"The Patny" (Booth)—Mild wise-crack comedy.

"Stronger Than Love" (Belasco)—Balderdash.

"Open House" (Criterion)—Ditto.

"The Goat Song" (Guild)—To be reviewed later.

"The Great God Brown" (Greenwich)—Fine O'Neill play.

"The Dream Play" (Provincetown)—One of Strindberg's best.

"The Cocoanuts" (Lyric)—The MM. Marx's humorous didoes.

"Easy Virtue" (Empire)—Noel Coward tackles Pinero.

"The Vortex" (Miller)—The same gentleman tackles Maugham.

"Alias the Deacon" (Hudson)—Box office flapdoodle.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (Fulton)—Parlor crooks.

"The Green Hat" (Broadhurst)—Arlen's piffle.

"A Lady's Virtue" (Bijou)—Rachel Crother's ditto.

"Twelve Miles Out" (Playhouse)—Lively rum-runner alarms and excursions.

"Charlotte Reue" (Selwyn)—Weak compared with last year's.

"The Enemy" (Times Square)—Channing Pollock's favorite play.

"Young Woodley" (Belmont)—Good comedy of the British younger generation.

"The Butter and Egg Man" (Longacre)—Funny theatrical farce.

"Cradle Snatchers" (Music Box)—Funny gigolo farce.

"Easy Come, Easy Go" (Biltmore)—Vaudeville-sketch crooks.

"Craig's Wife" (Morosco)—Worth while American play.

"Money Business" (National)—Lew Fields as a delicatessen dealer.

"Sunny" (New Amsterdam)—Marilyn Miller and a competent troupe on their toes.

"Princess Flavia" (Century)—Good singing show.

"Vanities" (Carroll)—The estimable MM. Tannen and Cook.

"The Looe City" (Little)—To be reviewed next week.

"Naughty Cinderella" (Lyceum)—Irene Bordoni, but nothing else.

world. And the drama they act and live is profoundly stirring, profoundly beautiful, and infinitely pitiable. I hop on the soap-box and urge you to spend a few dollars on this play. You will come away from it at once a sadder and happier mortal than you were before. If you don't, all I can say is that you have been reading the wrong dramatic critic for five years.

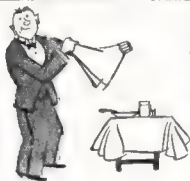
II

"THE MAKROPOULOS SECRET," to the contrary, is the kind of play that passes itself off as profound stuff and that is actually as profound as a soda-water fountain. It is the work of the Czeck, Karel Capek, who has successfully put himself over on the American market as a great thinker. The sum of the Mons. Capek's great thought up to date has been, first, in "R. U. R.," that we may some day see human beings' place in the world taken by creatures made of machinery; secondly, in "The Insect Comedy," that ants, house flies and bedbugs have just as many amorous troubles as Nat Goodwin ever had; and thirdly, in "The Makropoulos Secret," that it would be a very uncomfortable thing to live for 300 years.

With walla-walla of this sort, our friend Karel has made a deep impression upon the boobus of the native scene. The latter swallows him hook, pole and worm, and feels a large subsequent glorification in his middle. Yet, as has been hinted, there is absolutely nothing in Capek's play from beginning to end that is above the metaphysical capacity of a trombone player in a hotel orchestra. He has a certain melodramatic skill, true, but of meat there is no more in his plays than in a papier-maché hamburger steak.

(Continued on page 30)

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS



FOLD
NAPKIN
LIKE
THIS—



DRAW IT
THROUGH
WAISTCOAT
ARM-HOLES



TUCK
TOP CORNER
AGAINST
ADAM'S
"WIND-
FALL"



TUCK
LOWER CORNER
IN WAISTCOAT—

NOW GO
ON WITH YOUR
SOUP!!

HARRY WATSON SHOWS UP THE 'INS'
AND 'OUTS' OF NAPKIN ETIQUETTE!



"TIP-
TOES"

ANDREW TOMBS "DON'T YOU KNOW THAT A GENTLEMAN SHOULD
HARRY WATSON "STAND UP WHEN A LADY ENTERS THE ROOM?"
"WHO-O-O STARTED THAT—?"

"A LADY'S
VIRTUE"



"DON'T YOU HAVE ANY
BOOKS IN HERE?"

BACHELOR

"I'VE A TELEPHONE
BOOK — THAT'S
ALL I NEED!"



"KEITHS"

MY GIRL PLAYS MAH JONG WITH A SOLID
IVORY SET — HER TWO BROTHERS!

GOT
ANYTHING
ON YOUR
HIP?

ONLY
A COUPLE OF
FRECKLES



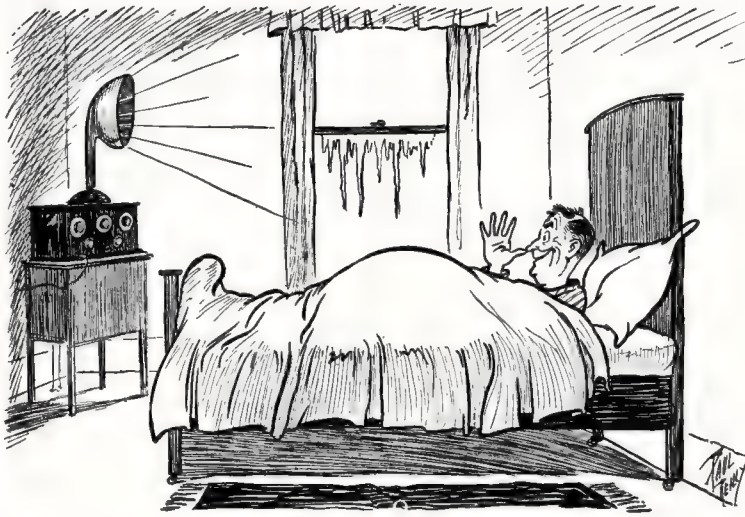
"A NIGHT
IN PARIS"

TEPPERSON
NECKLAP

PORTRAIT
OF US
GOING
HOME
FROM "A
NIGHT
IN
PARIS!"



—AND YOU MIGHT
JUST AS WELL
GET THAT TRIP
TO PARIS OUT
OF YOUR
MIND!!!



6.45 A. M.
Setting-up exercises.

New Arabian Nights

IN the far-off kingdom of Kleptomania, there was a town with crooked streets called Graft City. This town was the capital of the country and was governed by the most corrupt set of politicians in the world.

Whenever the city officials were indicted and removed from office they would change their names and run for the same offices again. Then, when elected, the first thing they would do would be to pardon themselves.

They would always give all their henchmen soft jobs, and, if there weren't enough to go around (jobs, not henchmen) they would create them. There was the position as chauffeur to the mayor, for instance, which paid \$10,000 per annum, and which was something of a snap as the mayor had no automobile.

Sealed bids were received for all city jobs. But they were never opened. The contracts were always awarded to friends of the administration, the one who bid the highest always got the job. One time a man got the contract for painting the flag pole on the city hall for \$15,000. After receiving the money he decided that the flag pole didn't need painting. So he returned 60 per cent. of the money to the mayor. But he would have had to do that anyway.

Any crook could buy his way out

of jail, and if he had enough money he could even buy the jail. Prisoners were always permitted to buy their own meals, on condition they treated the warden. The jail authorities boasted that no inmate was ever charged garage rent. Bootleggers were supposed to make their deliveries through the side entrance.

On Election Day the polls were watched. Nobody could vote more than once under the same name in the same polling place.

Every saloon in the city was pad-

locked. But the side doors were open.

No car could be parked for more than ten minutes in any part of the city. The local automobile thieves saw to that.

All this despite the fact that the police were very rough. Persons suspected of crimes had to be identified by their victims before being taken to the police station. They never could be identified after. Neither could the police sometimes.

R. C. O'Brien

Motives and Motives

Why He Went to the Tropics

THE urge of Adventure;
To get his favorite drink;
His interest in new women;
For a little luxury and ease;
The routine of shows and poker;
To try out his Spanish on the waiters; and
To say he'd been there.

Why He Came Back in a Week

The urge of Adventure;
To get his favorite drink;
His interest in new women;
For a little luxury and ease;
The routine of shows and poker;
To try out his Spanish on the waiters; and
To say he'd been there.

Wayne G. Haisley



Subbub's wife expressed the intention of going to town and buying a fur coat but by calling her a fat fool he delayed her so she missed her train.

JUDGING the MOVIES II

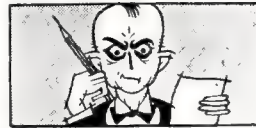
by William Morris Houghton



"BEN-HUR" is undoubtedly the greatest pageant ever shown on the screen. Every adjective it inspires has to do with size. Beside it "The Big Parade" becomes an intimate little domestic drama.

Artistically and dramatically, however, "Ben-Hur" can't compare with "The Big Parade." Perhaps it is unfair even to suggest the comparison. For "The Big Parade" is an epic out of contemporary life, written and produced by those who have lived the sort of thing they depict and *know* their subject, and for audiences that also know it. It is rich with that stain of humanity called humor. "Ben-Hur," on the other hand, is one of those florid romances of other days which are wholly the product of an ardent imagination. The men and women in it are not such as we are familiar with, but lay figures out of history, which has machined them smooth of all but a few salient class characteristics. It seeks to make up in melodrama for what its setting lacks in authenticity, and in the color and size of its mobs for what its characters lack in individuality. Humor, of course, it can't afford at all.

But having salved my conscience



"Stella Dallas"—Praised by all the Dr. Frank Cranes.

"*The Big Parade*"—The war itself. You'll eat it up.

"The Masked Bride"—The fetching Mae Murray in an apache drama.

"*Clothes Make the Pirate*"—And his legs make Leon Errol.

"His People"—Rudolph Schildkraut well cast in a sentimental drama of the Ghetto.

"Seven Sinners"—Good if you leave five minutes before the curtain.

"We Moderns"—Hardly worthy of Zangwill.

"A Woman of the World"—The seductive Pola Negri visits Main street. Very good.

"Time, the Comedian"—Time symbolized as a clown. Thumbs down.

"Siegfried"—The opera-movie excellently done.

"Tumbleweeds"—Bill Hart at his best. Ride 'em, cowboy!

"Lady Windermere's Fan"—Oscar Wilde
à la Hollywood.

"A Kiss for Cinderella"—The Barrie-Bronson combination at its best.

"Bluebeard's Seven Wives"—Hilarious burlesque of the sheik business.

"Womanhandled"—The wide-open spaces well kidded.

"Soul Mates"—Elinor Glyn only partly deodorized.

"*Mannequin*"—Fanny Hurst's \$50,000 prize melodrama. Hardly worth it.

"*That Royle Girl*"—Carol Dempster in a crook melodrama terminated by a cyclone.

"The Splendid Road"—A picture of pioneer days in California. Mostly mush.

with these critical reservations I want to add that there must be something wrong with anyone who doesn't get a big kick out of "Ben-Hur." In the first place, it *is* a stupendous spectacle. "Three years in the making," "world's greatest amphitheater constructed," "150,000 people employed—100,000 in the Antioch chariot race alone," "Roman and pirate navies built and launched for the sea fights," "Jerusalem restored"—these claims of the press agent don't seem exaggerated. It is a picture done on a Big Business scale with nothing left for the imagination to supply that money could supply instead.

And, secondly, the chariot race is a humdinger! So far as this particular spectator is concerned, that was the picture's one great climax and its only valid excuse. It should have stopped right there, with the audience cheering and screaming, as it did cheer and scream, almost beside itself with excitement. I have never seen a real prize fight, or a real football game, or a real horse race that agitated my sluggish blood stream more than the sight on the screen of those four-horse death

(Continued on page 29)



"Why do you prefer that to a Klaxon?"
"Oh, a Klaxon scares them away."





CAP—You remind me of the wild sea waves.

KID—Oh-h-h, because I am so restless and unconquered?

"No. Because you're all wet and you make me sick."

—COLUMBIA JESTER

"Peters, I am going to promote you to office manager."

"Thank you, sir—this is quite unexpected!"

"I have been watching your work closely and you seem to have the qualifications for a manager. You have been married only one year, and have already been out with five of our stenographers."

—Mass. Tech. Voo Doo

Stage robbers of the West used to use guns and horses, but those of the East to-day use lipsticks and limousines!

—Toronto Goblin

Boy (applying for position as office boy)—I hope, sir, that you will take the fact that all my grandparents are positively dead, to be in my favor.

—Wabash Caveman

Editor—What shall I say about the two peroxide blondes who made such a fuss at the game?

Reporter—Why, say the bleachers went wild. —Allegheny Alligator



"Odd's boddikins, Goldilocks, but these firemen are a frivolous sort."

"Ho, ho, Diabolo, and how riddle you that?"

"Why now, say not the papers that after the fire was out the firemen played all night on the ruins?"

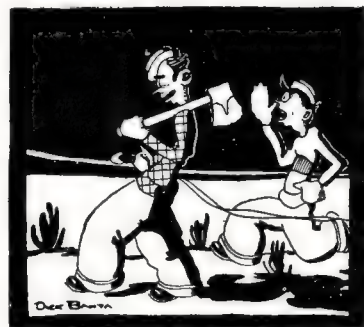
—Colorado Dodo

Co-ed—John and I are engaged.

Friend—No! You don't mean it.

"No, but he thinks I do."

—Iowa Green Gander



"Wither away, O Galloping Gregory, with you meat ax?"

"Silence, Egg-bread. I hasten to cut my classes."

—WABASH CAVEMAN

If I Were You

IF I were you and pretty, too,
I'd send him scented *billet-doux*.
I'd like his looks and love his hair
And cherish him; I'd hold him fair
And think him best of those I knew.
I'd treat him as I've treated you;
I'd meet him at the rendezvous
And whisper, "Now I really care,"

If I were you.

I'd change his mood when he seemed blue

And manage things—for just us two.
I'd ask him if he'd always care
And hear his answer, "May I dare?"
For he'd love you—and I'd love me

If I were you.

—Yale Record

"He had the wrong viewpoint."

"How was that?"

"He was looking through the key-hole and the blind was up all the time." —Gettysburg Cannon Bawl

Jimpsom—What's the capitol of Oregon?

Weed—Springfield, Mass.

"Thanks, I thought so."

—N. Carolina Buccaneer

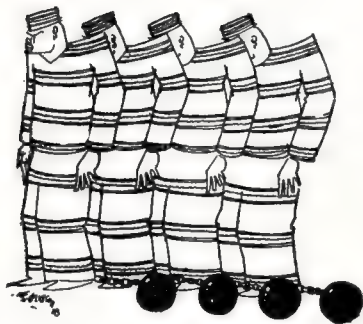


SHE—That moon fills me with hunger for something.

HE (hastily)—Let's dance.

—PENN PUNCH BOWL

LEADERS



The first football squad.

—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

The laziest man we can imagine is one who sits up all night to keep from washing his face in the morning.

—Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket

"What are your two highest ambitions?"

"Blondes and brunettes."

—Texas Ranger

"He's a born gambler."

"Why?"

"He tried to match his wife's dress."

—Cornell Widow

"George, phone call for you."

"I'm taking a bath. If it's a man tell him I'll take a quart, if it's a woman tell her I'll be over at nine."

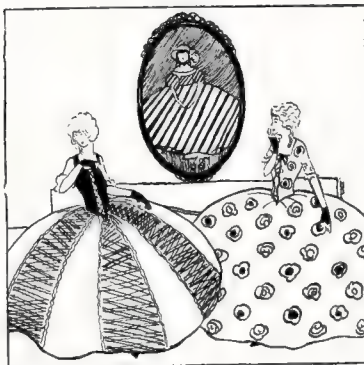
—Iowa Frivol

A—I just lost a good umbrella.

B—Leave it on the street car?

"No. One of the fellows at the house recognized it."

—Carnegie Puppet



"I hear there is only one thing that keeps Alice from marrying Rodney."

"What's that?"

"Rodney."

—NORTHWESTERN PURPLE PARROT



JACK—They say that a student should have eight hours sleep a day.

MACK—True, but who wants to take eight classes a day.

—NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

Grandma—People don't seem to marry as young as they did when I was a girl.

Grandflapper—No, old dear, but they do it oftener.

—Bucknell Belle Hop

"Do you expect to be a successful lawyer?"

"Well, I ought to with a little practice." —Minnesota Ski-U-Mah

Somehow I seem to hate

The girl that's always "fretish." But then you know it's different If she is only "pettish."

—Kansas State Brown Bull

"Were you whistling 'Marching Through Georgia?'"

"No, that was a parody on it." —Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay

Fellow—Say, little girl, are you a college girl?

Chorus Girl—Sir, how dare you?

—Boston Bean Pot



RUNNERS-UP—Hey, is that a good cigarette you picked up there?

UP—It's nothing else butt!

—COUGAR'S PAW



"That's a good omen, Bill—all the birdies are going South with us."

Unpublished Testimonials

Or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

Quagmire's Querrulous Quinsy Qure
ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful young fairy who lived way up high in an old castle where she kept her schoolgirl complexion which was guarded by seven brave knights, making one weak. Well, then one evening, when her godfather, who was chief bootlegger to the Mayor of the Kingdom, came home from the wheat fields he missed one of the nights, but the beautiful princess calmed his fears and, leaning out of the castle window, she asked him if he had a little fairy in his home. This answer so pleased the king that he repented of his hasty judgment and saved the other six knights which were full of joy, and they all lived happily until the beginning of the next serial installment.

In commenting upon the performance, Mr. Wilberforce Wilt, who took the part of the castle window, gave every atom of credit, if at all,

to Quagmire's Querrulous Quinsy Qure. Sign the coupon at the bottom of the page and try a bottle at your own risk.

Pinto's Priceless Perfume for Prindled Poodles

When I was a small girl my cousin came to visit me and fell off my father's bicycle out near the Catskills and broke my stubborn spirit in six places, including the Scandinavian. A few months later I discovered that I too should have that priceless feminine asset, the unspeakable as well as unescapable charm of an "Air Perfumery." So I bought a quart of Pinto's Priceless Perfume and oh, my gosh, Mr. Pinto, I wish you could have seen us. We used the whole quart in one evening but it was some party and I never needed another. He proposed before he came to and we've lived happily for over two weeks now.

P. S.: I may need another bottle pretty soon, though.

Plunker's Plum Preserve for Spoiled Children

Our little Effie I guess is getting spoiled but even if she is only three years old yet. We been getting your Plunker's Plum Preserve for her most two months now and she don't seem no better. Your recipes we got but they don't look so good so please tell us what should be wrong.

Also before we give Effie more preserve should it be washed off the old or not. Much obliged in advance.

An Anxious Mother
R. S. Wallace



FOR THE GLORY
OF THE SCHOOL

"Poor Gregory! Joined the great silent army!"
"What, don't tell me he's dead!"
"No, married."

FUNNYBONES

A man's as oiled as he reels.

Judge pays \$5 for each one printed

Dottie's Daybook

SUNDAY—Pa corrals the Sunday paper at breakfast, and reads out the useless inflammation that some gardener calls caterpillars "upholstered worms." Then he laughs so much he spills his coffee over the cloth, and ma remarks, "If it wasn't Sunday, I'd say upholstered worms was a good description of some husbands."

Monday—"You don't seem to be showing much speed to-day," says the office manager. "It's hard settling down," I says, "after doing nothing the day before." "What a tough life you must lead," says the O. M., "facing the same bitter struggle every morning."

Tuesday—"The girls are wearing lights on their ankles," says Dicky Dumbo. "That's sensible," says pa, "they'll balance a whole lot better." "How do you mean?" I asks. "Why," says pa, "you'll be light at both ends."

Wednesday—"McKibbosh, the dry goods man, ain't got much go," says ma; "he only has two semi-annual sales a year." "Lovely dove!" says pa; "do you think he could have a semi-annual sale every month?" "If McKibbosh was a hustler," says ma, "he'd be holding annual sales twice a week." Pa went out in the yard and started talking to Rover.

Thursday—"Cincinnati's a swell town," says Dulcie Lipp in the office. "Speaking as a stenographer," I says, "I think it's the punkest town in the U. S. My idea of a swell town is Newark that you can't spell more than one way."

Friday—"Is there some poem about Horatius playing bridge?" says Dicky Dumbo. "Horatius playing bridge!" replies pa; "don't you know where you can get the 'Lays of Ancient Rome?'" "I do not," says Dicky, "unless it's at our boarding house breakfast."

Saturday—"It's pay day for bachelors," says pa to Dicky Dumbo, "but it's just Saturday for me."

Thomas Pye

KRAZY K-PACKS

Give a sentence with the word

Condemn

"I condemn near tell when you're lying!"

The children have all been healthier since we got a Tycos Thermometer and quit guessing how comfortable we were



Guess how comfortable you are, if you wish, but **know** how comfortable the children are. They can't tell you, but a Tycos Thermometer can. Get one at your dealers. If he cannot supply you, write to us.

Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.



"Good night, Pet, now go to sleep—nothing to be afraid of."

"But, mummy, couldn't you just leave your shadow with me?"

PRINTS for a MAN'S DEN



"The Busybody"

By Sam Brown

A tantalizing and appealing picture that is a wonderful delineation of virile living motion. Our reproduction in all the vivid coloring of the painting is from the engraver's original plates. Printed on heavy Art Mat, size $8\frac{3}{4} \times 11\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

\$1.00 each



"Be Yourself"

By Robert Patterson

All of the mad, frolicking impishness that is so often hidden behind a saintly mask of demureness by daughters of Eve has been captured by the artist in this intriguing picture. Printed in full color on heavy Art Mat, size $8\frac{3}{4} \times 11\frac{1}{4}$ inches, ready for framing.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

50 cents each

Both the Above Prints for \$1.25

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"The Sea Hawk"	\$1.00
"Have a Look at Venus"	1.00
"Hasn't Scratched Yet"	1.00
"Circus Days"	1.00
"Some Kidd"	1.00
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"The Curse of Drink"	.25
"Saturday Night"	.50

JUDGE

ART PRINT DEPARTMENT

627 West 43d Street

New York

ASK DAD—HE KNOWS What They Laughed at in the Good Old Days



F. L. Fithian in Judge, 1899.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

ANIMAL PAINTER (at work)—*There's a saying that a lion is not so fierce as he is painted.*

FRIEND—*Yes, but your painting is pretty fierce.*

Just So

Little Elmer—Papa, what is the bone of contention?

Professor Broadhead—The jaw-bone, my son. —*Judge, 1903*

A Mistaken Intention

He sent his photo to the maid—

It was a joke divine.
But that is why she threw him o'er—
She thought that he had meant it for
A comic valentine.

—*Judge, 1905*

At Coney Island

Customer—This glass of beer reminds me of the old proverb.

Bartender—How's dat?
"There is plenty of room at the top."
—*Judge, 1899*

Couldn't Blame Him

Ethel—So you saw Lord Nokash light his cigar with a twenty-dollar bill?

Rupert—Yes; as near as I could make out it was a bill for the cigars.
—*Judge, 1899*



Art Young in Judge, 1903.

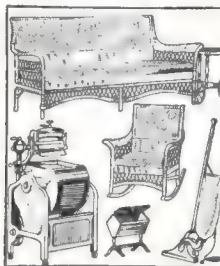
HIS FIRST PRESCRIPTION

MRS. MULLIGAN—Pat, didn't th' docther lave yez innny medicine?

MR. MULLIGAN—Not a bit. He'd hov me makin' a billy goat av mesilf—takin' this piece av paper ivry three hours.



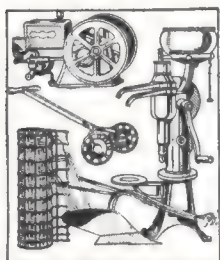
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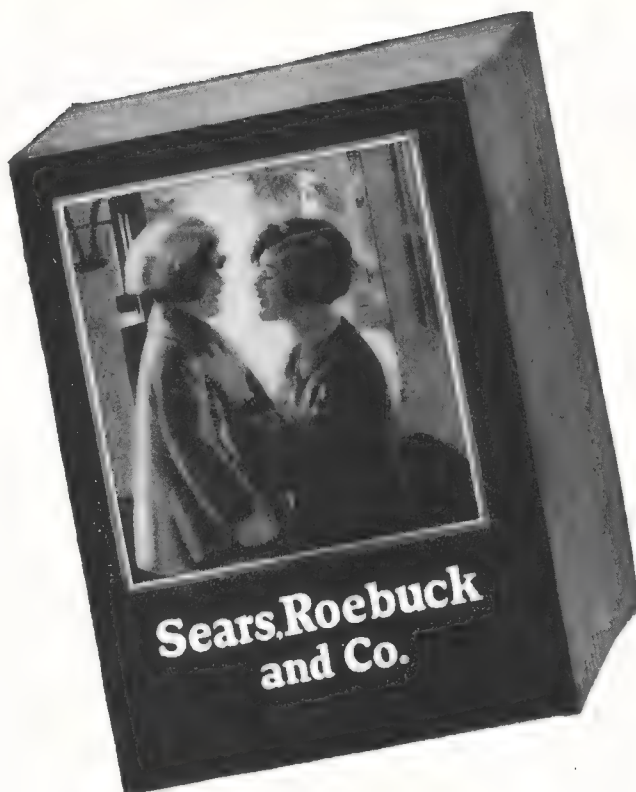
Spring is cleaning time. New rugs; a davenport for the living room; a new vacuum cleaner; a bedroom to be kalsomined. Everything you need to make your home attractive is priced in the Thrifty Book to save you money. And we give Real 24-Hour Service.



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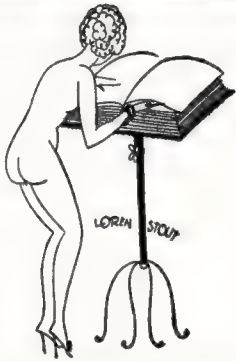
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BROADCASTING STATION WLS—TUNE IN ON 345 METERS



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FIGURES aren't the only thing that the bright young college boy studies these days. If you want to know what a "blind date" is, or a "wash-out," or a "campus kid," or how and when you play "Chaperons Wild," consult the

COLLEGE NUMBER

OF

SNAPPY STORIES

containing "Don't We Have Fun at College?"—the best of the new jokes and pictures from the college magazines; "Hot History" and "College Boys' Sweeties"; many gay sketches by Held, Patterson, Plaisted and Stout; and a lot of good stories of college life by people who know. You'll find everything collegiate from co-eds to corn liquor in the current SNAPPY. Now on all news stands, 20 cents.

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Be popular. In demand everywhere. Have fun. Earn your welcome. Charm your friends with your

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True Tone

SAXOPHONE

Teach yourself, 3 free lessons give you quick easy start. Try any instrument in your own home 6 days free. See what you can do. Easy terms if you decide to buy. Send now for beautiful free literature. A postal brings details.

Buescher Band Instrument Co. (4)
1166 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana



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Quick Relief! A pleasant effective syrup
35c and 60c sizes.
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Sarah Spudd.

Little Interviews With People You Would Like to Meet

Sarah Spudd, the Child Poet

PARALLELED only by the tremendous sweep of the crossword puzzle craze and the tumultuous fad of burnt-woodnecktie-racks is the passion that is now sweeping the nation, affecting people of all classes, for the verse of baby Sarah Spudd, the child poet. No one has read anything else since that happy day when Sarah's first poem, scrawled in her

baby hand on the back of her father's bail check, was given to the world.

Little Sarah lives with her mamma and papa in a quaint little flat in Hoboken. Here amongst the beauties of nature she is wont to let her childish fancies roam, and it is here that all of her masterpieces have been penned. Sarah's first book, "Lillies and a Piece of Crape," has just been placed upon the market, and from its priceless pages we are permitted to reprint here two of the creme-de-la-creme of the collection:

The sea shines
Like the seat
Of papa's serge pants
In the sunlight.
Ah, the elegant sea.

Another and longer opus is this sad temperance poem, which has been adopted by the "Anti-soft Drink Association":

A CHILD'S PRAYER TO DADDY

Dear daddy, me and mamma weep
When you are out at night.
We lie awake and cannot sleep
When you are out at night.
Why do you waste your hard-
earned dough?
Your debts are high up-mountain'.
Oh, why do you each evening go
To that vile soda fountain?

Robert S. Wood



He—I could dance like this forever.

Long-suffering Partner—Oh, Douglas, have you no ambition?

—London Mail

A Mighty Wicked Waste

(Continued from page 14)

twist off the telephone wires, so I don't know whether this idea is 100 per cent. practical or not. If four people happened to get busy lines in the same door at the same time, it might make necessary the formation of a line of four or five thousand people desiring to enter the given building, and this might involve the employment of more police, so I don't know just how the thing would work out economically. I wish I had the courage of my reformation theories like some people I know. If some folks had this idea, they would have it universally established in a fortnight (the English term for three weeks.)

Another economic reform I would like to suggest is that the space above the two stone lions in front of the New York Public Library might be utilized for offices somehow or other. Above each lion there is room for an office approximately fifteen by twenty feet. Counting this up thirty stories and counting the rent at \$100 a month per office, we have here a waste of offices or \$6,000 a month or \$72,000 a year minus heat and janitor service. Although the lions are not very good, they could be left right where they are, and the offices need not start until the second story. Or if it would simplify matters, nobody would kick much if the lions were put upside down in the basement of the library and the two office towers started right on the pavement. This would enable us to put revolving doors right in off of Fifth avenue. Still this would simply aggravate the revolving door situation, which is already annoying enough, so perhaps I had better withdraw the suggestion and let the lions alone (although I hate their skins).

New silk stockings are so thin that it is possible to read the newspapers through them. Most men, however, are content to glance at a few lines.

—*London Opinion*

Doctor (to Atchison Dingo)—What did your father die of?

Dingo—Ah don't know, boss, but it wasn't nothin' serious.

—*Ayer's Almanac*

At a baby show in Scotland the prizes were not awarded until a week later. The idea, of course, was to give the judges a chance to get out of the country.

—*Humorist*

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OF

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Upset

You'll be terribly

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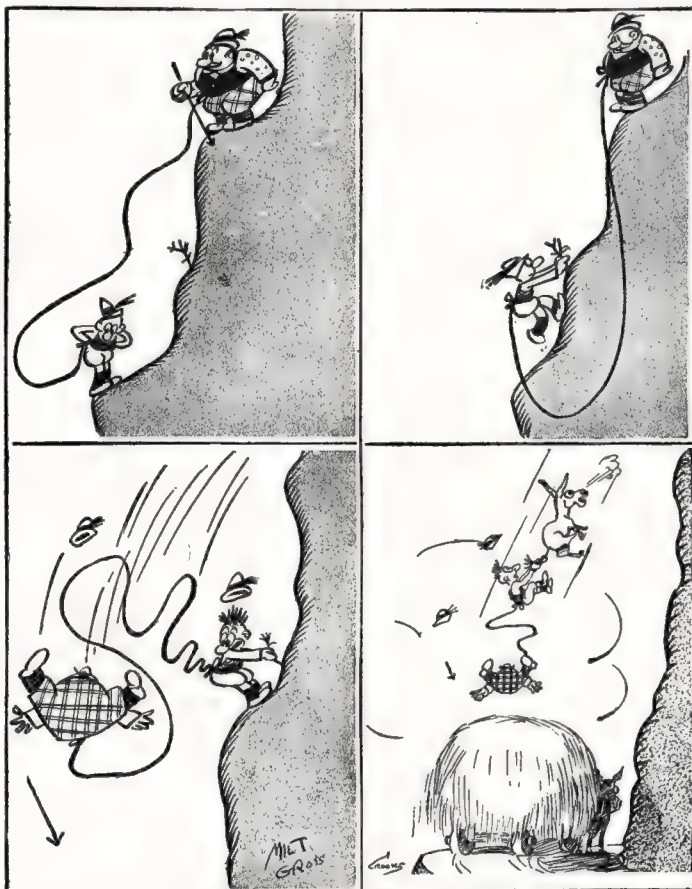


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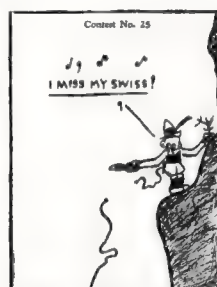
Close Seconds



Otho Blake, Old Town, Me.



Edwin Warren, Opelika, Ala.



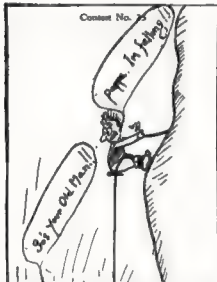
Charles Flachmann, St. Louis, Mo.



Mrs. Fannie Holloway, Pittsburgh, Pa.



C. Idw. Barry, Providence, R. I.



Richard P. Pickering, Miami, Fla.

Judging the Movies

(Continued from page 19)

traps slewing 'round the bends and thundering down the stretches in mortal rivalry. The sea fight earlier in the picture, amazing as it seemed for size and elaborate realism, couldn't hold a candle to it.

Just one other point. The scene of "Ben-Hur," as you know, is laid in and near Jerusalem during the years between Christ's birth and crucifixion and its story is intimately interwoven with New Testament events. In the picture Christ appears in a number of the scenes. That is to say, one sees His arm outstretched in gesture or to heal the halt and the sick. In one scene He is even shown carrying the cross to Gethsemane. But in every one of these scenes the obvious plan and effort has been to hide His face, the effect dramatically being decidedly artificial and a little silly. If, as our most devout Christians insist, man is fashioned in the image of God, then surely there can't be the slightest irreverence in permitting him to impersonate Christ. As a matter of fact, in the old miracle plays, written and acted in an age of much deeper and more spontaneous faith than our own, he did so impersonate Him freely and without shame. Such simple honesty and self-respect seem to me in infinitely better taste than the elaborate piety of the "Ben-Hur" subterfuge.

Very little subtlety is required of the players in this picture. Ramon Novarro is excellently cast as the humorless but appealing hero, and Francis X. Bushman as the arrogant Centurion. May McAvoy—little Angle Face herself—makes a honey-sweet Esther.

In a remote part of Ireland a woman has been discovered who is 120 years old and has never seen a motor car. That no doubt accounts for it.

—Eve

A clergyman says that women are allowed too much latitude in the matter of dress. And, he might have added, too little longitude.

—Humorist

A man recently charged with breaking into a house said that he thought the building was a railway station. Doubtless he was deceived into this belief by the fact that he couldn't find a porter anywhere.

—London Opinion

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Time in on
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Judge Jr.

JUDGE

Date.....

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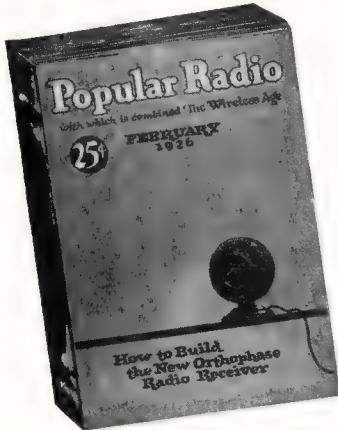
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For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

Dear JUDGE:

I think the picture in this issue
Entitled.....

By.....
And the Text in this issue
Entitled.....

By.....
Should be entered in the
Contest for the Funniest Contribution of 1926.

(Name).....
(Address).....
(Week of February 13)

At the end of the year, the artist and the writer whose contribution receives the largest number of votes, will each receive a \$500 Prize. VOTE YOUR FAVORITE!



Parent—Where the dickens did you get that cigar?
Boy—At Hamilton's—I'll order you some, if you like.
—Passing Show

Judging the Shows

(Continued from page 16)

III

HAVING patriotically put on two American plays, "Adam Solitaire" and "The Man Who Never Died," and learned that patriotism may often be the worse part of manuscript judgment, the Provincetowners have pulled down the flag and fallen back on their venerable camarado, Strindberg. Their presentation of his "Dream Play" is an interesting one and is to be recommended to all such persons as firmly believe that old August could write nothing that didn't have to do with mayhem, cholera morbus germs, insane asylums, degeneracy, paralytic strokes and murder. In this "Dream Play" we find the first seeds of the later Expressionism. And, in addition, one of the worthy dramas of the modern theater.

IV

"MOVE ON," by Charles B. Hoyt, is an amateurish and tiresome exhibit dealing with life in a newspaper office in Topeka, Kan. Although I do not enjoy the honor of an intimate acquaintance with journalism as it is practiced in that Western State, I privilege myself to believe that it is hardly of the nature that the M. Hoyt would have us imagine it is. If I am wrong and it actually is like that, then at last I know why Ed Howe spends half of the year in Florida and why William Allen White spends most of his time in New York.

"The marvels of electricity have set me thinking."
"Yes; isn't it wonderful what electricity can do?"
—Tut-Bits

Dabson—He claims to be related to you, and says he can prove it
Dobson—The man's a fool.
"That may be a mere coincidence."
—Answers

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF



Serves Them Right

To the Editors of JUDGE:

I have been a constant reader of your magazine for some time and I must say if your magazine is the World's Wittiest Weekly, then the day of clean wit has past. The main purpose of your weekly seems to be one of ridicule for all laws. You knock Prohibition at every turn. In your issue of January 9 you say that in New York City more than 500 people died last year from bootleg liquor. Man is a rather thick-headed animal. They (referring to men of your opinion) are too dense to see that the old way of sousing with good bonded liquor is bad for themselves and their wives and families, and are too one-sided on this personal liberty scrap to see that drunkards deserve to have laws telling what to drink and what not to drink. Anyone who has so little respect for the laws of his country as to drink bootleg liquor deserves little better than the fate of the 500 to which you referred.

If the conditions of our country are as bad as you paint them, perhaps you may find comfort, peace, and, if it please you, personal liberty under some other flag. As for me, I think I'll remain loyal to the laws and statutes of my native land, and I'm satisfied that the country's getting better.

Yes, I can still enjoy some of your jokes and cartoons, but I'm sick of your "Judge on the Bench." Disgustedly,
Pittsburgh, Pa. Lloyd Hargest

The Strangeness of Intolerance

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear Sirs: In a recent issue of JUDGE, a Canadian complains of the fact that you do not make any jibes at the K. of C., etc., and wonders why you "pick on" the Methodists.

Personally, I happen to be a member of a Protestant church which is very closely related to the Methodist, but I must say that I've never known of the Catholics or the Knights of Columbus making themselves ridiculous by appealing to the Government to assist them in regulating the morals or personal habits of the nation.

One might say, "How about the atrocities of the Catholic leaders in Spain, France, etc., a few centuries ago?" We should attribute this to the age and not to the religion.

It is indeed strange that otherwise sensible men and women will agitate racial prejudice and religious strife, by trying to compel uniformity of belief in a land that was founded largely for religious and political freedom.

With best wishes for the continued success of JUDGE, I am Very truly yours,
El Paso, Tex. John C. Creighton
January 4, 1926.

Happy Days!

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear Sirs: May I be permitted to voice my indignation through your Judge for Yourself department at the arrant stupidity of many of your correspondents, especially those who attack the editorials of W. M. H.?

Although I am not always in accord with the sentiments expressed, it seems to me that Mr. Houghton is one man who keeps his grip on sanity in a mad, mad world; whose powers of ratiocination seem never to be clouded by petty personal consideration, nor swayed by prejudice. This man sees clearly, thinks rationally, and expresses himself lucidly. If cynicism appears—and logically it must—there is always the grenade of humor to sweeten the draught. In Mr. Houghton's editorials and Mr. Nathan's reviews we have that touch of sophistication, tinged at all times with those subtleties of style, which result in an enjoyable bit of not too heavy reading matter.

A correspondent has accused Mr. Houghton of expressing sentiments un-American. Just what is an American? Can we boast of nothing more than that provincial, Rotary minded, pseudo intellectual flag waver as typifying the American of to-day, or that bleary eyed sentimentalist who would relegate our mental processes to the level of those who wrangle as to whether Jonah swallowed the whale or vice versa?

It is not the real 100 per cent. American that is the country's disgrace; it is the 180 per cent.

There is only one department of JUDGE with which I am disappointed. I feel that while JUDGE

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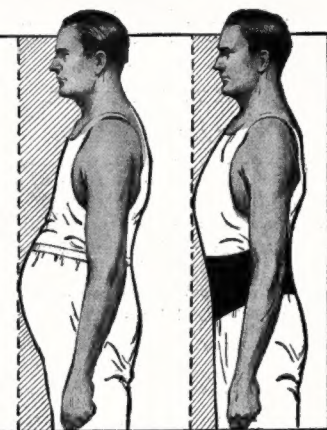
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few weeks have easily acquired a normal waistline. Made of the same scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes for reducing fat safely. Physicians everywhere endorse it because it not only takes off fat but corrects stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath and puts sagging internal organs back into place.



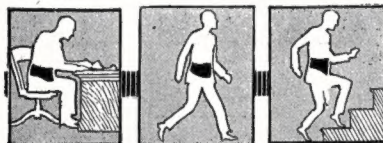
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Jr. is occasionally amusing, it represents a trend in our modern life which seems to be harmful—the college boy state of mind, which is diverting in an undergraduate, but distinctly out of place, and a beastly bore in a person over twenty-one. The justification for this department is of course in your circulation among the juveniles, who will resent my criticism—however like a late lamented champion of Florida and grape juice, I am sincere.

In order that too many sophomores from the Iowa State Agricultural School may not accuse me of being in my dotage, and the Little Rock K. K. K. may not hurl the epithet of "furriner" at me, I must state that I am twenty-six, of fair education, and so far as I can learn, my ancestors just missed the Mayflower and followed by the next scheduled boat. I belong to no sect or creed; have contributed nothing toward the Anti-saloon League, and have found JUDGE Jr.'s recipes to be always stimulating if not entirely palatable after the first eight.

Providence, R. I.

A. R. Clark

A Votre Santé

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Dear Sirs: 2:30 A.M. on a sick bed finds me literally devouring JUDGE. I look forward to Thursday with all the eagerness and delight that a child looks forward to Christmas morning. The first thing I do upon receiving this wonderful magazine is to hastily turn to page 15 to read that that remarkably truthful and broad-minded 105 per cent., blown in the bottle, dyed in the wool, bred in the bone, patriotic American citizen, W. M. H., has to say, and I am never disappointed because he hits the truth with a force that can't be shaken. I enjoy the "Judge for Yourself" letters very much because they show up the disgruntled old crabs who never think. All power to JUDGE and W. M. H. and may his shadow never grow less. Would as soon think of going without my dinner as to go without JUDGE. Attaboy, W. M. H. If I ever come to New York I am coming to your office to meet the squarest shooter I read after.

Yours for increased circulation,

Montgomery, Ala. A Southern Protestant

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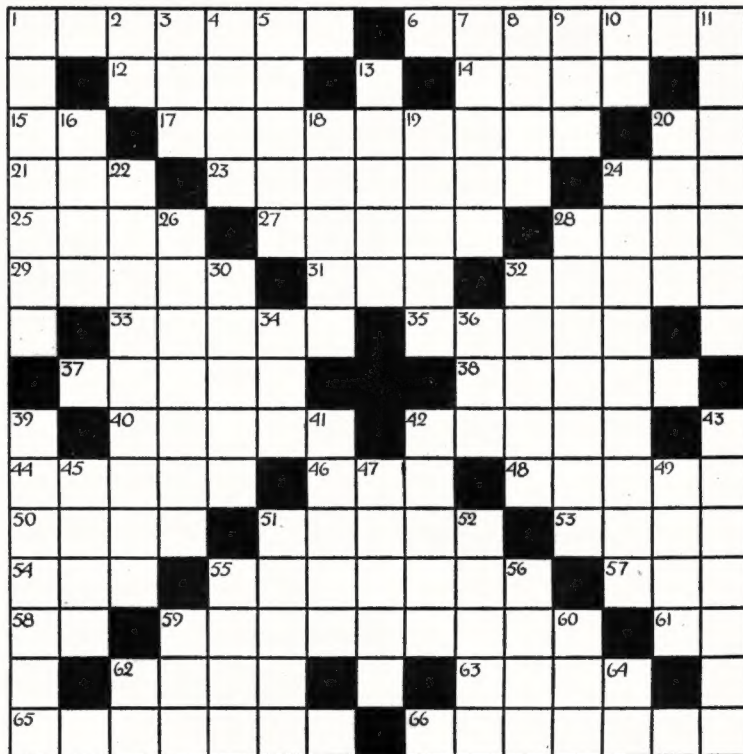
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Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 62



Submitted by N. Morton, Tulsa, Okla. JUDGE will pay \$25 for each puzzle printed.

Horizontal

1. 20th Century edition of sweet sixteen.
6. Pearls come from oysters but this is what a girl gets a diamond from.
12. Kind of stories told by golfers.
14. A wooden hammer.
15. What young men do after the final "good night."
17. An unlucky stone.
20. Chemical symbol for fluorine.
21. A bad actor.
23. A landlord's meal ticket.
24. Crimson Oysters Association (abbr.).
25. This is neat.
27. Spikenards.
28. The entree of a secret society.
29. Try.
31. By birth.
32. People who either blow out the gas or step on it.
33. Barter.
35. Something a man does soon after he buys a second-hand car.
37. All flappers do this.
38. An arm full.
40. That tired feeling.
42. An American rope.
44. Something a poker player does before drawing cards.
46. A convincing feminine argument.
48. This roars loudly in cold weather.
50. The financial condition of the great majority.
51. Rows.
53. This grows over the weak end.
54. A sock breaker.
55. The reward of the patriotic disabled.
57. Well-known kind of site.
58. An indefinite article.
59. Tongues.
61. A long island in the Atlantic ocean (abbr.).
62. A substitute for cash.
63. An indication of "time to retire."
65. What a naughty child is at supper time.
66. Despots.

11. A backslide.
13. What men do at the sight of a pretty girl.
16. Boat utensils.
18. This is senseless.
19. South American mountains.
20. What movie heroes always do to villains.
22. A Christmas institution, now somewhat superfluous.
24. Where the dirty work was done.
26. A man is very much at sea.
28. David's arch enemy.
30. Fairy tales.
32. Ensigns.
34. Delirium Tremens Union (abbr.).
36. A buttress.
39. A schooner director.
41. The cake's roof.
42. The land of rug peddlers.
43. These chaps keep by themselves.
45. This comes in the middle of Saturday.
47. Sue again.
49. Druggist's tool. (Dora thinks this means terrible.)
51. Creed.
52. When anything is this way it's "all wet!"
53. Travel the straight and narrow one.
56. A kind of beer.
59. Undressed lumber.
60. Watering place.
62. Greek letter.
64. Half of a printer's measure.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle



Vertical

1. This is what Dempsey once was.
2. Preposition of place.
3. A French step.
4. What plays are sometimes founded on.
5. Girl's name.
7. Leaves out.
8. These are theoretically extinct.
9. What tailors do if you don't pay your bill.
10. Abbreviation for the thing that "never runs smooth."

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

JUDGE will pay \$25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

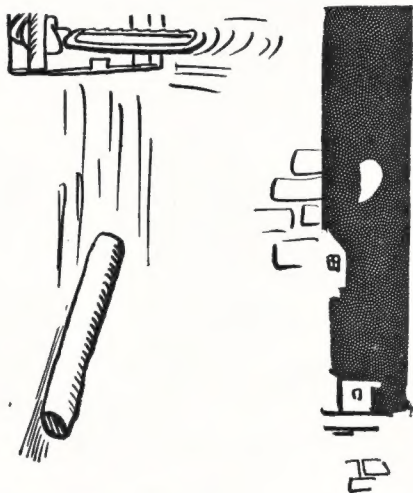
You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail

to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of **JUDGE**, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes February 22. Winning ending appears in the issue of March 13.



Contest No. 29





**Exactly as it holds its old
smokers, Chesterfield wins
its new ones-on taste alone**

SUCH · POPULARITY · MUST · BE · DESERVED